

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Bloomfield Record.

Local Newspaper.

Only \$1.50 a Year in Advance.

OFFICE, GLENWOOD AVE., NEAR M. & E. DEPOT.
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Independent, Non Partisan, Incorruptible.

Devoted to
LOCAL AFFAIRS.
GENERAL NEWS.
CHOICE LITERATURE.
HOME CULTURE AND IMPROVEMENT.

"The Record"

is the ONLY Weekly Newspaper Published and Printed
in Bloomfield, and is unquestionably THE Paper of
THE PEOPLE.

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Inserted on reasonable terms. Advertisers who avail
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dium, circulating as it does in the best families of
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PAMPHLETS,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

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at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.
Rev. Mr. DANIEL, Pastor. Services every Sunday at
10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School, 2 P. M. Ser-
vice every Thursday at 7 P. M.
Rev. Mr. SWELLINGER, Pastor. Services every Sunday
at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.
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M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School at 9 A. M.
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M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School at 2 P. M.

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Office open from 6:15 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M.
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public.
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Has constantly on hand a choice variety of Ready-made
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Custom Work a Specialty.

Repairing neatly done.

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COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

AND

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office at his residence on Bloomfield Avenue,

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Keeps constantly on hand

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AND

ICE CREAM SALOON,

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Corner Linden Avenue and Thomas Street,

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All orders promptly executed.

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ALSO DEALER IN

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Opposite Archdeacon's Hotel,

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Orders punctually attended to, at the shortest notice

P. HENRY,

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WASHINGTON AVENUE,

Between Archdeacon's Hotel and Baptist Church,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Custom Work carefully attended to.

R. D. BROWER,

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WATSESSING DEPOT,

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SHOP ON ARTISAN STREET, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Opposite the Railroad Depot.

STAIR BUILDING, Pattern Making, etc. Jobbing of all
kinds. Neatly Done and Promptly Attended to.

Miscellany.

AUNT LORA'S LONG AGO.

I was visiting Ireland and my great-aunt
for the first time. Her lovely home, Glen-
bawn, nestled at the base of one of the Wick-
low mountains—Sugarloaf. It was the win-
ter of 1867-8, and all our neighbors of note
had moved into Dublin, driven from the
lonely hills by the terrors of the Fenian
movement, which was the one engrossing
topic in every mouth and with every class.

Had come over to keep Christmas with
auntie, as my father had been obliged to leave
unexpectedly for the West Indies—a hur-
ried journey, on which it was inexpedient
for me to accompany him; so our London
home was shut up and I was consigned to
the care of his Irish aunt, of whom I had
often heard, but whom I had never seen.
She had welcomed me lovingly; we had
held a consultation on my first arrival at
Glenbawn, and had decided on having at
home in auntie's own cozy nest, amidst her
home duties, rather than spend an idle win-
ter in unhome-like lodgings in town; so I
settled down as contentedly as might be to
wear away the months which lay between me
and my father's home-coming.

We had pleasant talks in the long even-
ings when the curtains were drawn, the
turf-fire heaped up with an oak log in its
ruby heart, its ruddy glare striving with the
soft steady light of the wax candles which
burned in old silver branched candelsticks
on every table and bracket in the pretty
quaint drawing-room. Aunt Lora's tiny
but stately figure, with its rich black and
delicate lace, the soft silver hair rolled
back and almost covered by a cloud of lace
fastened by large diamond pins and float-
ing far below her waist. She was shapely
lovely, and I used to look up at her from
my pet lounge on the soft white rug with
the passionate admiration of a girl for the
first realization of her ideal woman. To me
—insignificant brown mouse that I was
—with all her seventy years she seemed per-
fectly beautiful.

One night we had talked a long while of
the foolish Fenians—of the sad, sad story of
poor, lovely Ireland, with her desolate cab-
in-homes and exiled children; then it was
she told some bits of her long ago.

"I was born," auntie said "in the terrible
'98, when the rage and hatred which had
smoldered for years among the Irish peas-
antry burst into a flame which enveloped
and scathed the whole country-side. Cen-
turies of misrule had laid the train; mea-
sures of repression—necessary, it may be,
but certainly severe, nay, cruel—applied
the spark. The *hobbes corpus* was super-
added; government spies lurked on every side;
the horses of the poor farmers were im-
pressed for baggage transport; the concurrence
of seven magistrates was sufficient warrant
to consign to the Fleet, almost without even
the form of a trial, any number of persons
found at unlawful assemblies; soldiers were
billetted without the least pretence or regard
to right or justice, and the conduct of
the yeomanry was in too many instances
aggravating beyond measure. I have heard
the story of those days from my mother—
your great-grandmother, darling. My father
lodged a whole regiment of yeomanry
here in this old house, with its outbuildings.
Looking back in quiet after-years it seemed
to me like a dream too wild and dreary to
have been more than a dream—the quiet
homestead filled with armed men, the kind-
ly country sounds silenced; in their stead
the clash of arms, the angry voices of men
ready and eager to meet death, so that with
it they found revenge; the lurid glare of
the rebel beacon lighting up the soft sum-
mer-night landscape; the ceaseless
tramp and tumult of a camp; the terrible
rumors which floated, it seemed, on the
very air of heaven; the news brought in by
disguised scouts of the burning, by the rebels,
of Scullabogue Barn, crowded with three
hundred prisoners, whom they flung back
in the flames when they did manage to
escape through door or window; the capture
of the mails in different parts of Ireland,
the burning of the coaches when the bags
were secured, the murder of the passengers
and guards; the wild excesses of Father
Murphy in the south, whose house and chapel
the soldiers had burned down; he had
vowed a fearful vengeance, which he had
begun on the drop-fall of 23d of May by setting
fire to the house of every Protestant in the
little town of Kilmormick and murdering the
owners. May had his catalogue of horrors;
they were to be surpassed by the massacres
which took place during June in the rebel
camp on Vinegar Hill, but the horror reach-
ed its climax with the murders on Wexford
bridge. I will not dwell on this, dear, but
will tell you that late one evening towards
the end of June a weary, blood-stained,
wounded fugitive crept in here with the
news. The tale he told maddened the sol-
diers, even the tender heart of my father
hardened against the torturers of some of
the best and noblest men in Ireland, many
of them his own loved friends. There was
a hurried call to arms, a midnight march,
from which there was to be no home-coming
for him and for many beside. He was
colonel of the regiment, and rode off with
set face and gleaming eyes which never soft-

ened, even as he kissed good-by to wife and
child—my sister Meg, your grandmother—
I was not born then. Three days—a long,
hot, breathless agony of suspense for poor
mother—did not bring him back; with the
dawn of the fourth came the heavy tramp of
armed men; her weary eyes, which had not
closed since she had looked her last on her
husband, watched a band of rebels march
sullenly down the hill beside the house,
looking neither to left nor right, speaking
no word, leaving a broad crushed track as
they went through the dew-hung corn, the
rosy dawnlight glinting on their pikes stain-
ed with dull crimson, on the wide black
banner, with its blood-red cross and motto,
'Murder Without Sin.' They passed down
the valley and away, and still my mother
watched. At last there came the well-known
uniforms over the winding road, but with-
out my father. He had left them three
hours before to ride across a bog, a short
cut to home—it was not possible for the
soldiers to cross it in a body. His brother
officers had tried to dissuade him; but,
laughing at the idea of risk and anxious to
relieve my mother's fears, he rode off, never
to be seen again in life but by his mur-
derers. Weary as they were, a detachment
was at once sent off to commence a search
which lasted till midnight, when, lying naked
and disfigured in a deep bog-hole, they
found a body. My mother's loving eyes
alone recognized in one poor maimed hand
that of her husband. That night I was
born."

"But, auntie, knowing all this, how can
you love these people, live amongst them,
help them, as you do—the children of your
father's murderer's?"

"Lora, the wrongs of centuries had mal-
laded them. My mother lived six lonely
years after that summer morning when her
heart was broken. In life and death she
taught us the lesson of forgiveness. No,
the terrible excesses of '98 are more easily
condoned than the horrible cold blooded
murders of later years—sowdily, cruel!—
the shoot of the defenceless from a hedge-
shelter."

"Shall I tell you another story? You
have heard of your Aunt Mabel; from the
time of your grandmother's death she had
been my child and darling; your father was
in America, and we were alone in the world
but for each other, and we were very happy
together. She married at eighteen; her
husband was an Englishman, a younger son,
not rich; he had been in the army for a few
years, but sold out on his marriage and
bought a farm on the other side of the val-
ley. My wedding gift to them was their
new home, it was a mere farm-house when
Will bought it; but during their wedding
tour, which lasted for six months, and which
they finished by a round of visits amongst
his people in England, I had the whole
house remodelled and enlarged, made into
a fitting home for my pet. How I enjoyed
furnishing it, remembering all her pretty
whims and fancies!"

"It was a bright home-coming. With
what pretty glees Mabel ran from room to
room, delighted with everything I had done
for her! Then the pretty shy grace with
which she took her place as mistress. One
little happy week passed, to which I shall
always look back as the last of real happi-
ness in my life. You know, dear, I am hap-
py now and content, as an old woman should
be whose life is warmed by the loving kind-
ness of every one around her, who has been
given the abiding joy, which never grows
insipid, of being able to brighten other
lives with some of the brightness given to
her own. And then there is the best and
dearest joy of all—the knowledge that
the loves of long ago are kept safely in
God's own care; to be mine again one day
—very soon now—when I too reach the
world where the incompleteness of this will
be rounded and perfected."

"But this little week was happy and warm
with joy of another kind which I have mis-
sed ever since. It was Christmas eve. All
day my darling had been busy with deco-
rations and preparations for the next day,
when all the tenants on the new estate were
to be entertained in the servants' hall."

"Well, dear, I remember coming down
that afternoon. I had been busy writing in
my own room; I found the house a bower
of greenery, the last touch given, and May
and her husband resting before the fire in
the hall, whose cedar wainscot sent out ruddy
gleams and spicy fragrance in acknowl-
edgment of the light and warmth. She
smiled up at me from a nest of skins, among
which she was cosily lounging, resting her
bright head against Will's knee, and held
up two pretty dusty hands to be exclaimed
at."

"We were talking of last Christmas," she
said, when I had taken the chair Will drew
forward for me. 'How long ago it seems,
and how strange that then we did not know
each other! Will scorching in India, you
and I Christmasing at Glenbawn, auntie.
Oh, I wish I could give you those eighteen
years, Will! It is so dreary to think you
were not in them.'"

"You will give me the next eighteen, and
many a year beside; that will content me,
little wife. I am sure you were a mischiev-
ous monkey, and I am thankful I did not

discover you until Aunt Lora had tamed
you."

"You wicked, un sentimental boy!"
"And the dusty hands were twisted in a
thick brown beard which was temptingly
near; and so they laughed and chatted,
children as they were, quite unchecked by
my presence, until a servant came in with a
message for me. It was news of the sudden
illness of one of the servants here. My first
impulse was to come home without delay;
but they would not hear of my doing so. It
was settled that Will should drive over, call-
ing for the doctor as he passed through the
village, and if he did not bring good report
he promised to take me back immediately
on his return, if I would consent to wait
patiently so long. I consented—would that
I had not! All might have been—but no;
there are no might have beens with God."

Aunt Lora covered her face for a minute,
then she went on more steadily.
"I remember all—every word and inci-
dent of that evening. We watched Will
drive away into the gray twilight, and then
came back to the fireside until the dress-
ing-bell rang, while my pet used every loving
wile to keep me from dwelling too anxiously
on McCarthy's illness. We grew anxious,
as the evening went on, for my servant;
Will's prolonged absence made me fear she
was seriously ill. Now and then the young
wife shivered a little as the fierce blast,
which now at intervals swept up the valley,
with one sudden gust rushed by to die away
among the higher hills. It was the snow-
wind, we knew it well, and longed that our
traveller were safely at home. Mabel had
ordered dinner in her morning-room, from
which there was a view of the road along
which he would return; she thought, too,
it would be easier to warm and brighten it
than the large dining-room. We stood for
a long while at the window watching the
heavy woolly clouds rolling and massing
themselves in the livid sky; there had been
a light fall of snow in the morning, enough
to whiten the trees and grass, but we could
distinguish the dark line of the road as it
wound round into the valley. Again and
again the wind swept up with its wild angry
moan, bending the trees in its course and
hiding them in thick clouds of snow-powder
swept from their tossing branches; then
again the din would hush and a great still-
ness fall on the outside world. We watch-
ed till I saw my child was growing pale, and
I drew her into the warm room, bright with
fire and candle-light, the pretty rose-colored
room, where the shining silver and crystal
of the dinner-table looked brighter still in
contrast to the outer gloom. I pretended
to be hungry that she might be forced to
give up the watch for a while. We sat down
to dinner, leaving the warmest seat for Will,
and each tried to eat for the sake of the other;
but at every gust the sweet little face op-
posite me grew whiter, and a dark line began
to show beneath the soft eyes; as yet the
worst we feared for Will was a struggle with
the storm, while we sat at home wrapped
from cold and all discomfort."

"The evening wore on; dinner was remov-
ed; the supper-table laid, covered with
every dainty the little wife could suggest.
She hunted up a fur-lined dressing-gown,
which he had used when stationed in Cana-
da, and hung it before the fire; then she
went back to her post beside the window,
baying warmed the hearth and spread the
table, all for Will—poor Will, who should
never more enjoy food or warmth in this
world."

"Lights were placed in every window to
guide him through the snow, which was
now falling blindingly, darkening sight and
hushing sound. Servants were sent out
with spades and lanterns; but unhappily
the butler was old and feeble, and the only
other man at our disposal was Will's soldier-
servant, an Englishman, quite ignorant of
the neighborhood. They returned without
having been able to get farther than where
the road divided at the head of the valley."

"As the small hours crept by, the cold
grew intense outside the circle warmed by
the fire. I tried to wrap Mabel in a mantle
but she put away my hand impatiently, and
shook herself free from the soft folds."
"I will not be warm. Will is cold."
"And she turned to the window once
more with a slight shudder, while her weary
eyes gazed on into the whirling, blinding
snow-fall."

"At two o'clock I again tried to induce
her to lie down, telling her what I believed
myself, that her husband had stayed weather
bound at Glenbawn; that Brown Colleen,
the mare he had taken, could find her way
home to her stable on the darkest night;
that—in short, I used every means— coax-
ing, remonstrance, command, all in vain;
but she did not seem to hear. When I
tried to draw her away she pushed me
gently from her, and the white lips moved,
though no sound came from them."

"At three o'clock the wind lulled, the
snow-whirl ceased. I was holding her burn-
ing hand in mine, longing intensely for
morning, turning with a sick shudder from
the pictures which would pass before my
aching brain of Will sleeping his last sleep
beneath the drift, when suddenly she
snatched away her hand and started up."

"He is coming! I hear him!" She flew
into the hall, where an immense fire was

blazing on the hearth. 'Throw on the yule
log!' she cried impatiently to the servants
who were standing about. 'Don't I tell you
he is coming—he is here!'

"I signed to them to obey her, and the
great pine trunk which had been carted
home so merrily only a week ago, which she
and Will had garlanded a few hours since,
was flung on. I asked softly whether they
had heard anything; but the men shook
their heads, and indeed the depth of the
snow must have hushed any sound. They
said if their master had waited in
shelter at the